

H.P.B.'S BOOKS AND TEACHINGS

Articles by H. P. Blavatsky

MY BOOKS

MISTAKEN NOTIONS ON THE "SECRET DOCTRINE"

SEEMING "DISCREPANCIES"

"ISIS UNVEILED" AND THE "THEOSOPHIST"
ON REINCarnation

"IT'S THE CAT!"

THE YEAR IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE YEAR!

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OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

- I *To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color;*
- II *The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and*
- III *The investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man.*

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FOREWORD

THE limitations under which the Teachers of the human race must work become evident in H.P.B.'s article, "My Books," which was published in *Lucifer* in the same month that she left the body—May, 1891. No miracles of perfection in scholarship, in literary form or editorial production were performed in *Isis Unveiled*, the extraordinary inspiration of this volume being unable to correct the circumstantial shortcomings of the time or the comparative ignorance of some of the writer's helpers. In an answer to her critics, H.P.B. makes all this plain, including what seems a harsh judgment of her own unreadiness to compose a work of such far-reaching intent. Yet for students, and for a great many impartial readers and inquirers, *Isis* was and is a book of incomparable value, bearing internal evidence of the importance of its contents. This discussion of how it was written and of the sources upon which H.P.B. drew gives revealing instruction concerning the work of the Movement and the obstacles to be overcome.

"Mistaken Notions on the 'Secret Doctrine,'" which appeared in *Lucifer*, June 1890, concerns a complaint H.P.B. had often to deal with, and is especially valuable for her clear statement of the chief purpose of her major work—to demonstrate that "the basic and fundamental principles of every exoteric religion and philosophy, old and new, were from first to last but the echoes of the primeval 'Wisdom Religion'." She sought neither to persuade scientists nor to instruct readers in "occult" details, but to establish the underlying reality and all-pervasive presence in world thought of the timeless occult teachings.

The difficulty of understanding Theosophical doctrines concerning the after-death states without first obtaining a thorough grasp of the sevenfold nature of man, and of its division into lower and higher—mortal and immortal—aspects, is shown by "Seeming Discrepancies," published in the *Theosophist* for June,

1882. The occult subtleties dealt with in *Isis Unveiled* seldom receive the careful attention they require and, as this article demonstrates, the later teachings concerning the after-death states and the difference between psychic and spiritual man are needed by the ordinary reader to recognize the implications of what is said in *Isis* on this subject. (It might also be noted that a use of the term "planets," in this article, seems ambiguous in the light of the teaching of the seven planetary globes given later in *The Secret Doctrine*.)

Since the familiar question of whether or not reincarnation is taught in *Isis Unveiled* is thoroughly discussed, with references given, in the Publisher's Preface to the Theosophy Company edition of *Isis*, there is no need to stress the importance of what H.P.B. says in "'Isis unveiled' and the 'Theosophist' on Reincarnation," which was printed in the *Theosophist* for August, 1882. However, it may be well to point out that seven years later, in *Lucifer* for February, 1889, she explained in a footnote that the term "planet" (occurring in C.C.M.'s quotation from *Isis*, which H.P.B. reproduces in this article) was a mistake and should be replaced by the word "cycle," indicating "the cycle of Devachanic rest."

The presumptions of scholars in denying the existence of esoteric teachings behind ancient religions and the popular resistance to the idea of perfected men, making the Theosophical Society and its spokesmen into scapegoats of prejudice, are the subject of "It's the Cat!", which appeared in *Lucifer* for June, 1889.

"The Year Is Dead, Long Live the Year!", published in *Lucifer*, January, 1889, combines some instruction in cycles with comment on plagiarizing and fraudulent use of Theosophical ideas by pretended teachers or self-styled "adepts." The evil in this misuse of the truths of Theosophy, H.P.B. observes, is not in the spread of such ideas by unworthy persons, but in the fact that when such "teachers" borrow from Theosophy, what they take is "so interwoven with misstatements and absurdities that the wheat cannot be winnowed from the chaff, and ridicule, if not worse, is brought to bear upon a movement which is beginning to exercise an influence, incalculable in its promise of good, upon the tendency of modern thought." How, H.P.B. asks, shall men discern good and evil, when the two are found in such close embrace?

MY BOOKS

SOME time ago, a Theosophist, Mr. R_____, was travelling by rail with an American gentleman, who told him how surprised he had been by his visit to our London Headquarters. He said that he had asked Mdme. Blavatsky what were the best Theosophical works for him to read, and had declared his intention of procuring *Isis Unveiled*, when to his astonishment she replied, "Don't read it, *it is all trash.*"

Now I did not say "trash" so far as I remember; but what I did say in substance was: "Leave it alone; *Isis* will not satisfy you. Of all the books I have put my name to, this particular one is, in literary arrangement, the worst and most confused." And I might have added with as much truth that, carefully analysed from a strictly literary and critical standpoint, *Isis* was full of misprints and misquotations; that it contained useless repetitions, most irritating digressions, and to the casual reader unfamiliar with the various aspects of metaphysical ideas and symbols, as many apparent contradictions; that much of the matter in it ought not to be there at all and also that it had some very gross mistakes due to the many alterations in proof-reading in general, and word corrections in particular. Finally, that the work, for reasons that will be now explained, has no system in it; and that it looks in truth, as remarked by a friend, as if a mass of independent paragraphs having no connection with each other, had been well shaken up in a waste-basket, and then taken out at random and—published.

Such is also now my sincere opinion. The full consciousness of this sad truth dawned upon me when, for the first time after its publication in 1877, I read the work through from the first to the last page, in India in 1881. And from that date to the present, I have never ceased to say what I thought of it, and to give my honest opinion of *Isis* whenever I had an opportunity for so doing. This was done to the great disgust of some, who warned me that I was spoiling its sale: but as my chief object in writing it was neither personal fame nor gain, but something far higher, I cared

little for such warnings. For more than ten years this unfortunate "master-piece," this "monumental work," as some reviews have called it, with its hideous metamorphoses of one word into another, thereby entirely transforming the meaning,¹ with its misprints and wrong quotation-marks, has given me more anxiety and trouble than anything else during a long life-time which has ever been more full of thorns than of roses.

But in spite of these perhaps too great admissions, I maintain that *Isis Unveiled* contains a mass of original and never hitherto divulged information on occult subjects. That this is so, is proved by the fact that the work has been fully appreciated by all those who have been intelligent enough to discern the kernel, and pay little attention to the shell, to give the preference to the idea and not to the form, regardless of its minor shortcomings. Prepared to take upon myself—*vicariously* as I will show—the sins of all the external, purely literary defects of the work, I defend the ideas and teachings in it, with no fear of being charged with conceit, since *neither ideas nor teaching are mine*, as I have always declared; and I maintain that both are of the greatest value to mystics and students of Theosophy. So true is this, that when *Isis* was first published, some of the best American papers were lavish in its praise—even to exaggeration, as is evidenced by the quotations below.²

1 Witness the word "planet" for "cycle" as originally written, corrected by some unknown hand, (Vol. I., p. 347, 2nd par.), a "correction" which shows Buddha teaching that there is *no rebirth on this planet*(!!) when the contrary is asserted on p. 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to "avoid" reincarnation; the use of the word "planet," for *plane*, of "Monas" for *Manas*; and the sense of whole ideas sacrificed to the grammatical form, and changed by the substitution of wrong words and erroneous punctuation, etc., etc., etc.

2 *Isis Unveiled*; a master key to the mysteries of ancient and modern science and theology. By H. P. Blavatsky, Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society. 2 vols., royal 8vo., about 1,500 pages, cloth, \$7.50 Fifth Edition.

"This monumental work . . . about everything relating to magic, mystery, witchcraft, religion, spiritualism, which would be valuable in an encyclopaedia."—North American Review.

"It must be acknowledged that she is a remarkable woman, who has read more, seen more, and thought more than most wise men. Her work abounds in quotations from a dozen different languages, not for the purpose of a vain display of erudition, but to substantiate her peculiar views . . . her pages are garnished with foot-notes establishing, as her authorities, some of the profoundest writers of the past. To a large class of readers, this remarkable work will prove of absorbing interest . . . demands the earnest attention of thinkers, and merits an analytic reading."—Boston Evening Transcript.

"The appearance of erudition is stupendous. Reference to and quotations from the most unknown and obscure writers in all languages abound, interspersed with allusions to writers of the highest repute, which have evidently been more than skimmed through."—N. Y. Independent

The first enemies that my work brought to the front were Spiritualists, whose fundamental theories as to the spirits of the dead communicating in *propriâ personâ* I upset. For the last fifteen years—ever since this first publication—an incessant shower of ugly accusations has been poured upon me. Every libellous charge, from immorality and the “Russian spy” theory down to my acting on false pretences, of being a chronic fraud and *a living lie*, an habitual drunkard, an emissary of the Pope, paid to break down Spiritualism, and Satan incarnate. Every slander that can be thought of has been brought to bear upon my private and public life. The fact that *not a single one of these charges has ever been substantiated*; that from the first day of January to the last of December, year after year, I have lived surrounded by friends and foes like as in a glass-house,—nothing could stop these wicked, venomous, and thoroughly unscrupulous tongues. It has been said at various times by my ever active opponents that (1) *Isis Unveiled* was simply a rehash of Éliphas Lévi and a few old alchemists; (2) that it was written by me under the dictation of Evil Powers and the *departed spirits of Jesuits (sic)*; and finally (3) that my two volumes had been compiled from MSS., (never

“An extremely readable and exhaustive essay upon the paramount importance of re-establishing the Hermetic Philosophy in a world which blindly believes that it has outgrown it.”—*N. Y. World*.

“Most remarkable book of the season.”—*Com. Advertiser*.

“[To] Readers who have never made themselves acquainted with the literature of mysticism and alchemy the volume will furnish the materials for an interesting study—a mine of curious information.”—*Evening Post*.

“They give evidence of much and multifarious research on the part of the author, and contain a vast number of interesting stories. Persons fond of the marvellous will find in them an abundance of entertainment.”—*New York Sun*.

“A marvellous book both in matter and manner of treatment. Some idea may be formed of the rarity and extent of its contents when the index alone comprises fifty pages, and we venture nothing in saying that such an index of subjects was never before compiled by any human being. . . . But the book is a curious one and will no doubt find its way into librarias because of the unique subject matter it contains . . . will certainly prove attractive to all who are interested in the history, theology, and the mysteries of the ancient world.”—*Daily Graphic*.

“The present work is the fruit of her remarkable course of education, and amply confirms her claims to the character of an adept in secret science, and even to the rank of a hierophant in the exposition of its mystic lore.”—*New York Tribune*.

“One who reads the book carefully through, ought to know everything of the marvellous and mystical, except perhaps, the passwords. *Isis* will supplement the *Apocalypse* Whoever loves to read Godfrey Higgins will be delighted with Mme Blavatsky. There is a great resemblance between their works. Both have tried hard to tell everything apocryphal and apocalyptic. It is easy to forecast the reception of this book. With its striking peculiarities, its audacity, its versatility, and the prodigious variety of subjects which it notices and handles, it is one of the remarkable productions of the century.”—*New York Herald*.

before heard of), which Baron de Palm—he of the cremation and double-burial fame—had left behind him, and which I had found in his trunk!³ On the other hand, friends, as unwise as they were kind, spread abroad that which was really the truth, a little too enthusiastically, about the connection of my Eastern Teacher and other Occultists with the work; and this was seized upon by the enemy and exaggerated out of all limits of truth. It was said that the whole of *Isis* had been dictated to me *from cover to cover* and *verbatim* by these invisible Adepts. And, as the imperfections of my work were only too glaring, the consequence of all this idle and malicious talk was, that my enemies and critics inferred—as well they might—that either these invisible inspirers had no existence, and were part of my “fraud,” or that they lacked the cleverness of even an average good writer.

Now, no one has any right to hold me responsible for what any one may say, but only for that which I myself state orally, or in public print over my signature. And what I say and maintain is this: Save the direct quotations and the many afore specified and mentioned misprints, errors and misquotations, and the general make-up of *Isis Unveiled*, for which I am in no way responsible, (a) every word of information found in this work or in my later writings, comes from the teachings of our Eastern Masters; and (b) that many a passage in these works has been written by me *under their dictation*. In saying this no *supernatural* claim is urged, for no *miracle* is performed by such a dictation. Any moderately intelligent person, convinced by this time of the many possibilities of hypnotism (now accepted by science and under full scientific investigation), and of the phenomena of *thought-transference*, will easily concede that if even a hypnotized subject, a mere irresponsible medium, *hears the unexpressed thought* of his hypnotizer, who can thus transfer his thought to him—even to *repeating the words read by the hypnotizer mentally from a book*—then my claim has nothing impossible in it. Space and distance do not exist for thought; and if two persons are in perfect mutual psycho-magnetic *rapport*, and of these two, one is a great Adept

3 This Austrian nobleman, who was in complete destitution at New York and to whom Colonel Olcott had given shelter and food, nursing him during the last weeks of his life—left nothing in MS. behind him but bills. The only effect of the baron was an old valise, in which his “executors” found a battered bronze Cupid, a few foreign Orders (imitations in pinchbeck and paste, as the gold and diamonds had been sold); and a few shirts of Colonel Olcott's, which the ex-diplomat had annexed without permission.

in Occult Sciences, then thought-transference and dictation of whole pages, become as easy and as comprehensible at the distance of ten thousand miles as the transference of two words across a room.

Hitherto, I have abstained—except on very rare occasions—from answering any criticism on my works, and have even left direct slanders and lies unrefuted, because in the case of *Isis* I found almost every kind of criticism justifiable, and in that of “slanders and lies,” my contempt for the slanderers was too great to permit me to notice them. Especially was it the case with regard to the libellous matter emanating from America. It has all come from one and the same source, well known to all Theosophists, a person most indefatigable in attacking me personally for the last twelve years,⁴ though I have never seen or met the creature. Neither do I intend to answer him now. But, as *Isis* is now attacked for at least the tenth time, the day has come when my perplexed friends and that portion of the public which may be in sympathy with Theosophy, are entitled to the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. Not that I seek to excuse myself in anything even before them or to “explain things.” It is nothing of the kind. What I am determined to do is to give facts, undeniable and not to be gainsaid, simply by stating the peculiar, well known to many but now almost forgotten, circumstances, under which I wrote my first English work. I give them *seriatim*.

(1) When I came to America in 1873, I had not spoken English—which I had learned in my childhood colloquially—for over thirty years. I could understand when I read it, but could hardly speak the language.

(2) I had never been at any college, and what I knew I had taught myself; I have never pretended to any scholarship in the sense of modern research; I had then hardly read any scientific European works, knew little of Western philosophy and sciences. The little which I had studied and learned of these, disgusted me with its materialism, its limitations, narrow cut-and-dried spirit of dogmatism, and its air of superiority over the philosophies and sciences of antiquity.

(3) Until 1874 I had never written one word in English, nor

⁴ I will not name him. There are names which carry a moral stench about them unfit for any decent journal or publication. His words and deeds emanate from the *cloaca maxima* of the Universe of matter and have to return to it, without touching me.

had I published any work in any language. Therefore—

(4) I had not the least idea of literary rules. The art of writing books, of preparing them for print and publication, reading and correcting proofs, were so many close[d] secrets to me.

(5) When I started to write that which developed later into *Isis Unveiled*, I had no more idea than the man in the moon what would come of it. I had no plan; did not know whether it would be an essay, a pamphlet, a book, or an article. I knew that *I had to write it*, that was all. I began the work before I knew Colonel Olcott well, and some months before the formation of the Theosophical Society.

Thus, the conditions for becoming the author of an English theosophical and scientific work were hopeful, as everyone will see. Nevertheless, I had written enough to fill four such volumes as *Isis*, before I submitted my work to Colonel Olcott. Of course he said that everything save the pages dictated—had to be re-written. Then we started on our literary labours and worked together every evening. Some pages the English of which he had corrected, I copied: others which would yield to no mortal correction, he used to read aloud from my pages, Englishing them verbally as he went on, dictating to me from my almost undecipherable MSS. It is to him that I am indebted for the English in *Isis*. It is he again who suggested that the work should be divided into chapters, and the first volume devoted to SCIENCE and the second to THEOLOGY. To do this, the matter had to be re-shifted, and many of the chapters also; repetitions had to be erased, and the literary connection of subjects attended to. When the work was ready, we submitted it to Professor Alexander Wilder, the well-known scholar and Platonist of New York, who after reading the matter, recommended it to Mr. Bouton for publication. Next to Colonel Olcott, it is Professor Wilder who did the most for me. It is he who made the excellent *Index*, who corrected the Greek, Latin and Hebrew words, suggested quotations and wrote the greater part of the *Introduction* “Before the Veil.” If this was not acknowledged in the work, the fault is not mine, but because it was Dr. Wilder’s express wish that his name should not appear except in footnotes. I have never made a secret of it, and every one of my numerous acquaintances in New York knew it. When ready the work went to press.

From that moment the real difficulty began. I had no idea of

correcting galley proofs; Colonel Olcott had little leisure to do so; and the result was that I made a mess of it from the beginning. Before we were through with the first three chapters, there was a bill for six hundred dollars for corrections and alterations, and I had to give up the proof-reading. Pressed by the publisher, Colonel Olcott doing all that he possibly could do, but having no time except in the evenings, and Dr. Wilder far away at Jersey City, the result was that the proofs and pages of *Isis* passed through a number of willing but not very careful hands, and were finally left to the tender mercies of the publisher's proof-reader. Can one wonder after this if "Vaivaswata" (Manu) became transformed in the published volumes into "Viswamitra," that thirty-six pages of the Index were irretrievably lost, and quotation-marks placed where none were needed (as in some of my own sentences!), and left out entirely in many a passage cited from various authors? If asked why these fatal mistakes have not been corrected in a subsequent edition, my answer is simple: the plates were stereotyped; and notwithstanding all my desire to do so, I could not put it into practice, as the plates were the property of the publisher; I had no money to pay for the expenses, and finally the firm was quite satisfied to let things be as they are, since, notwithstanding all its glaring defects, the work—which has now reached its seventh or eighth edition, is still in demand.

And now—and perhaps in consequence of all this—comes a new accusation: I am charged with wholesale plagiarism in the Introductory Chapter "Before the Veil"!

Well, had I committed plagiarism, I should not feel the slightest hesitation in admitting the "borrowing." But all "parallel passages" to the contrary, as I have not done so, I do not see why I should confess it; even though "thought transference" as the *Pall Mall Gazette* wittily calls it, is in fashion, and at a premium just now. Since the day when the American press raised a howl against Longfellow, who, borrowing from some (then) unknown German translation of the Finnish epic, the *Kalevala*, published it as his own superb poem, *Hiawatha*, and forgot to acknowledge the source of his inspiration, the Continental press has repeatedly brought out other like accusations. The present year is especially fruitful in such "thought transferences." Here we have the Lord Mayor of the City of London, repeating word for word an old forgotten sermon by Mr. Spurgeon and swearing he had never read or heard

of it. The Rev. Robert Bradlaugh writes a book, and forthwith the *Pall Mall Gazette* denounces it as a verbal copy from somebody else's work. Mr. Harry de Windt, the Oriental traveller, and a F.R.G.S. to boot, finds several pages out of his just published *A Ride to India, across Persia and Beluchistan*, in the London Academy paralleled with extracts from *The Country of Belochistan*, by A. W. Hughes, which are identical *verbatim et literatim*. Mrs. Parr denies in the *British Weekly* that her novel *Sally* was borrowed consciously or unconsciously from Miss Wilkins' *Sally*, and states that she had never read the said story, nor even heard the author's name, and so on. Finally, every one who has read *La Vie de Jésus*, by Renan, will find that he has plagiarised *by anticipation*, some descriptive passages rendered in flowing verse in the *Light of the World*. Yet even Sir Edwin Arnold, whose versatile and recognised genius needs no borrowed imagery, has failed to thank the French Academician for his pictures of Mount Tabor and Galilee in prose, which he has so elegantly versified in his last poem. Indeed, at this stage of our civilisation and *fin de siècle*, one should feel highly honoured to be placed in such good and numerous company, even as a—plagiarist. But I cannot claim such a privilege and, simply for the reason already told that out of the whole Introductory chapter "Before the Veil," I can claim as my own only certain passages in the Glossary appended to it, the Platonic portion of it, that which is now denounced as "a bare-faced plagiarism" having been written by Professor A. Wilder.

That gentleman is still living in or near New York, and can be asked whether my statement is true or not. He is too honourable, too great a scholar, to deny or fear anything. He insisted upon a kind of *Glossary*, explaining the Greek and Sanskrit names and words with which the work abounds, being appended to an *Introduction*, and furnished a few himself. I begged him to give me a short summary of the Platonic philosophers, which he kindly did. Thus from p. 11 down to 22 the text is his, save a few intercalated passages which break the Platonic narrative, to show the identity of ideas in the Hindu Scriptures. Now who of those who know Dr. A. Wilder personally, or by name, who are aware of the great scholarship of that eminent Platonist, the editor of so many learned works,⁵ would be insane enough to accuse

5 A. Wilder, M.D., the editor of *Serpent and Siva Worship*, by Hyde Clarke and C. Staniland Wake; of *Ancient Art and Mythology*, by Richard Payne Knight, to which the editor has appended an *Introduction*, Notes translated into English and a new and com-

him of “plagiarising” from any author’s work! I give in the foot note the names of a few of the Platonic and other works he has edited. The charge would be simply preposterous!

The fact is that Dr. Wilder must have either forgotten to place quotes before and after the passages copied by him from various authors in his Summary; or else, owing to his very difficult hand-writing, he has failed to mark them with sufficient clearness. It is impossible, after the lapse of almost fifteen years, to remember or verify the facts. To this day I had imagined that this disquisition on Platonists was his, and never gave a further thought to it. But now enemies have ferretted out unquoted passages and proclaim louder than ever “the author of *Isis Unveiled*,” to be a plagiarist and a fraud. Very likely more may be found, as that work is an inexhaustible mine of misquotations, errors and blunders, to which it is impossible for me to plead “guilty” in the ordinary sense. Let then the slanderers go on, only to find in another fifteen years as they have found in the preceding period, that whatever they do, *they cannot ruin Theosophy, nor even hurt me.* I have no author’s vanity; and years of unjust persecution and abuse have made me entirely callous to what the public may think of me—personally.

But in view of the facts as given above; and considering that—

(a) The language in *Isis* is not mine; but (with the exception of that portion of the work which, as I claim, was *dictated*), may be called only a sort of translation of my facts and ideas into English;

(b) It was not written for the public,—the latter having always been only a secondary consideration with me—but for the use of Theosophists and members of the Theosophical Society to which *Isis* is dedicated;

(c) Though I have since learned sufficient English to have been enabled to edit two magazines—the *Theosophist* and *LUCIFER*—yet, to the present hour I never write an article, an editorial or

plate Index; of *Ancient Symbol Worship*, by Hodder M. Westropp and C. Staniland Weka, with an Introduction, additional Notas and Appendix by the editor; and finally, of *The Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*; “A Dissertation, by Thomas Taylor, translator of ‘Plato,’ ‘Plotinus,’ ‘Porphyry,’ ‘Jamblichus,’ ‘Proclus,’ ‘Aristotle,’ etc., etc., etc.” edited with Introduction, Notes, Emendations, and Glossary, by Alexander Wildar, M.D.; and the author of various learned works, pamphlets and articles for which we have no space here. Also the editor of the “Older Academy,” a quarterly journal of New York, and the translator of the *Mysteries*, by Jamblichus.

even a simple paragraph, without submitting its English to close scrutiny and correction.

Considering all this and much more, I ask now every impartial and honest man and woman whether it is just or even fair to criticize my works—*Isis*, above all others—as one would the writings of a born American or English author! What I claim in them as my own is only the fruit of my learning and studies in a department, hitherto left uninvestigated by Science, and almost unknown to the European world. I am perfectly willing to leave the honour of the English grammar in them, the glory of the quotations from scientific works brought occasionally to me to be used as passages for comparison with, or refutation by, the old Science, and finally the general make-up of the volumes, to every one of those who have helped me. Even for the *Secret Doctrine* there are about half-a-dozen Theosophists who have been busy in editing it, who have helped me to arrange the matter, correct the imperfect English, and prepare it for print. But that which none of them will ever claim from first to last, is the fundamental doctrine, the philosophical conclusions and teachings. Nothing of that have I invented, but simply given it out as I have been taught; or as quoted by me in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 46 [xlvi]) from Montaigne: “I have here made only a nosegay of culled (Eastern) flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.”

Is any one of my helpers prepared to say that I have not paid the full price for the string?

April 27, 1891

H. P. BLAVATSKY

MISTAKEN NOTIONS ON THE “SECRET DOCTRINE”

EVER since the publication of the *Secret Doctrine* Students of Theosophy (outside the inner ring of Occult Sciences) have complained that the teachings contained in the work do not satisfy them. One, mentioning the lengthy and rabid abuse of it by an old, though really insignificant, if brutal, enemy, takes me to task for leaving a door open to such criticism by taking too little into account modern science and modern thought(!); another complains that my explanations are not complete; thus, he says:

For the last ten years, I have been a close reader of theosophical literature. I have read and re-read the *Secret Doctrine* and collated passages, and nothing is more disheartening than to find some of the best explanations on Occult points, just as they begin to grow a little lucid, marred by a reference to some exoteric philosophy or religion, which breaks up the train of reasoning and leaves the explanation unfinished. . . . We can understand parts, but we cannot get a succinct idea, particularly of the teachings as to Parabrahm (the Absolute), the 1st and 2nd Logos, Spirit, Matter, Fohat, etc., etc.

This is the direct and natural result of the very mistaken notion that the work I have called the “Secret Doctrine” had ever been intended by me to dovetail with modern Science, or to explain “occult points.” I was and still am more concerned with facts than with scientific hypotheses. My chief and only object was to bring into prominence that the basic and fundamental principles of every exoteric religion and philosophy, old or new, were from first to last but the echoes of the primeval “Wisdom Religion.” I sought to show that the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, like Truth itself, was *One*; and that, however differing in form and color, the foliage of the twigs, the trunk and its main branches were still those of the same old Tree, in the shadow of which had developed and grown the (now) esoteric religious philosophy of the races that preceded our present mankind on earth.

This object, I believe I have carried out as far as it could be carried, in the first two volumes of the *Secret Doctrine*. It was

not the occult philosophy of the esoteric teachings that I undertook to explain to the world at large, for then the qualification of "Secret" would have become like the *secret* of "Polichinelle" shouted in the manner of a stage *a parte*; but simply to give *that which could be given out*, and to parallel it with the beliefs and dogmas of the past and present nations, thus showing the original source of the latter and how disfigured they had become. If my work is, at this day of materialistic assumptions and universal iconoclasm, too premature for the masses of the profane—so much the worse for those masses. But it was not too premature for the earnest students of theosophy—except those, perhaps, who had hoped that a treatise on such intricate correspondences as exist between the religions and philosophies of the almost forgotten Past, and those of the modern day, could be as simple as a shilling "shocker" from a railway stall. Even one system of philosophy at a time, whether that of Kant or of Herbert Spencer, of Spinoza or of Hartmann, requires more than a study of several years. Does it not therefore, stand to reason that a work which compares several dozens of philosophies and over half-a-dozen of world-religions, a work which has to unveil the roots with the greatest precautions, as it can only *hint* at the secret blossoms here and there—cannot be comprehended at a first reading, nor even after several, unless the reader elaborates for himself a system for it? That this can be done and *is* done is shown by the "Two Students of the E.S." They are now synthesizing the "Secret Doctrine," and they do it in the most lucid and comprehensive way, in this magazine. No more than any one else have they understood that work immediately after reading it. But they went to work in dead earnest. They indexed it for themselves, classifying the contents in two portions—the *exoteric* and the *esoteric*; and having achieved this preliminary labor, they now present the former portion to the readers at large, while storing the latter for their own practical instruction and benefit. Why should not every earnest theosophist do the same?

There are several ways of acquiring knowledge: (*a*) by accepting blindly the dicta of the church or modern science; (*b*) by rejecting both and starting to find the truth for oneself. The first method is easy and leads to social respectability and the praise of men; the other is difficult and requires more than ordinary devotion to truth, a disregard for direct personal benefits and an

unwavering perseverance. Thus it was in the days of old and so it is now, except perhaps, that such devotion to truth has been more rare in our own day than it was of yore. Indeed, the modern Eastern student's unwillingness to think for himself is now as great as Western exactions and criticism of other people's thoughts.

He demands and expects that his "Path" shall be engineered with all the selfish craft of modern comfort, macadamized, laid out with swift railways and telegraphs, and even telescopes, through which he may, while sitting at his ease, survey the works of other people; and while criticizing them, look out for the easiest, in order to play at the Occultist and Amateur Student of Theosophy. The real "Path" to esoteric knowledge is very different. Its entrance is overgrown with the brambles of neglect, the travesties of truth during long ages block the way, and it is obscured by the proud contempt of self-sufficiency and with every verity distorted out of all focus. To push over the threshold alone, demands an incessant, often unrequited labor of years, and once on the other side of the entrance, the weary pilgrim has to toil up on foot, for the narrow way leads to forbidding mountain heights, unmeasured and unknown, save to those who have reached the cloud-capped summit before. Thus must he mount, step by step, having to conquer every inch of ground before him by his own exertions; moving onward, guided by strange land marks the nature of which he can ascertain only by deciphering the weather-beaten, half-defaced inscriptions as he treads along, for woe to him, if, instead of studying them, he sits by coolly pronouncing them "indecipherable." The "Doctrine of the Eye" is *maya*; that of the "Heart" alone, can make of him an elect.

Is it to be wondered that so few reach the goal, that so many are called, but so few are chosen? Is not the reason for this explained in three lines on page 27 of the "Voice of the Silence"? These say that while "The first repeat in pride 'Behold, I know,' the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess, 'thus have I heard'"; and hence, become the only "chosen."

SEEMING "DISCREPANCIES"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "THEOSOPHIST"

I have lately been engaged in devoting a few evenings' study to your admirable article, "FRAGMENTS OF OCCULT TRUTH," which deserves far more attention than a mere casual reading. It is therein stated that the translated *Ego cannot* span the abyss separating its state from ours, or that it cannot descend into our atmosphere and reach us; that it attracts but cannot be attracted, or, in short, that no departed SPIRIT can visit us.

In Vol. I., page 67, of "Isis," I find it said that many of the *spirits*, subjectively controlling mediums, are human disembodied *spirits*, that their being benevolent or wicked in quality largely depends upon the medium's private morality, that "they cannot materialise, but only project their æthereal reflections on the atmospheric waves." On page 69: "Not every one can attract *human spirits*, who likes. One of the most powerful attractions of our departed ones is their strong affection for those whom they have left on earth. It draws them irresistibly, by degrees, into the current of the astral light vibrating between the person sympathetic to them and the universal soul." On page 325: "Sometimes, but rarely, the planetary spirits ... produce them (subjective manifestations); sometimes the spirits of our translated and beloved friends, &c."

From the foregoing it would appear as if both teachings were not uniform, but it may be that *souls*, instead of *spirits*, are implied, or that I have misunderstood the meaning.

Such difficult subjects are rather puzzling to Western students, especially to one who, like myself, is a mere tyro, though always grateful to receive knowledge from those who are in a position to impart such.

Yours, &c.,

CALEDONIAN THEOSOPHIST

9th January, 1882

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is to be feared that our valued Brother has both misunderstood our meaning in "Isis" and that of the

"Fragments of Occult Truth." Read in their correct sense, the statements in the latter do not offer the slightest discrepancy with the passages quoted from "Isis," but both teachings are uniform.

Our "Caledonian" Brother believes that, because it is stated in "Isis," that "many, among those who control the medium subjectively, are *human disembodied spirits*," and in the "Fragments," in the words of our critic, that "the Ego cannot span the abyss separating its state from ours . . . cannot descend into our atmosphere, . . . or, in short, that no departed SPIRIT can visit us"—there is a contradiction between the two teachings? We answer—"None at all." We reiterate both statements, and will defend the proposition. Throughout "Isis"—although an attempt was made in the *Introductory Chapter* to show the great difference that exists between the terms "soul" and "spirit"—one the *reliquiae* of the *personal Ego*, the other the pure essence of the spiritual INDIVIDUALITY—the term "spirit" had to be often used in the sense given to it by the Spiritualists, as well as other similar conventional terms, as, otherwise, a still greater confusion would have been caused. Therefore, the meaning of the three sentences, cited by our friend, should be thus understood:

On page 67 wherein it is stated that many of the *spirits*, subjectively *controlling* mediums, are *human disembodied spirits*," &c., the word "controlling" must not be understood in the sense of a "spirit" possessing himself of the organism of a medium; nor that, in each case, it is a "spirit"; for often it is but a *shell* in its preliminary stage of dissolution, when most of the physical intelligence and faculties are yet fresh and have not begun to disintegrate, or *fade out*. A "spirit," or the spiritual *Ego*, cannot *descend* to the medium, but it can *attract* the spirit of the latter to itself, and it can do this only during the two intervals—before and after its "gestation period." Interval the first is that period between the physical death and the merging of the spiritual *Ego* into that state which is known in the Arhat esoteric doctrine as "Bar-do." We have translated this as the "gestation" period, and it lasts from a few days to several years, according to the evidence of the adepts. Interval the second lasts so long as the merits of the old *Ego* entitle the being to reap the fruit of its reward in its new regenerated Egoship. It occurs after the gestation period is over, and the new spiritual *Ego* is reborn—like the fabled Phœnix from its ashes—from the old one. The locality, which the former inhabits, is called

by the northern Buddhist Occultists "Deva-chan," the word answering, perhaps, to Paradise or the Kingdom of Heaven of the Christian elect. Having enjoyed a time of bliss, proportionate to his deserts, the new *personal* Ego gets re-incarnated into a *personality* when the remembrance of his previous Egoship, of course, fades out, and he can "communicate" no longer with his fellow-men on the planet he has left forever, as the individual he was there known to be. After numberless re-incarnations, and on numerous planets and in various spheres, a time will come, at the end of the Maha-Yug or great cycle, when each individuality will have become so spiritualised that, before its final absorption into the *One All*, its series of past *personal* existences will marshall themselves before him in a retrospective order like the many days of some one period of a man's existence.

The words—"their being benevolent or wicked in quality largely depends upon the medium's private morality"—which conclude the first quoted sentence mean simply this: a pure medium's *Ego* can be drawn to and made, for an instant, to unite in a magnetic (?) relation with a real disembodied spirit, whereas the soul of an *impure* medium can only confabulate with the *astral* soul, or "shell," of the deceased. The former possibility explains those extremely rare cases of direct writing in recognized autographs, and of messages from the higher class of disembodied intelligences. We should say then that the personal morality of the medium would be a fair test of the genuineness of the manifestation. As quoted by our friend, "affection to those whom they have left on earth" is "one of the most powerful attractions" between two loving spirits—the embodied and the disembodied one.

Whence the idea, then, that the two teachings are "not uniform"? We may well be taxed with too loose and careless a mode of expression, with a misuse of the foreign language in which we write, with leaving too much unsaid and depending unwarrantably upon the imperfectly developed intuition of the reader. But there never was, nor can there be, any radical discrepancy between the teachings in "*Isis*" and those of this later period, as both proceed from one and the same source—the ADEPT BROTHERS.

“ISIS UNVEILED” AND THE “THEOSOPHIST” ON REINCARNATION

In *Light* (July 8) C.C.M. quotes from the *THEOSOPHIST* (June 1882) a sentence which appeared in the *Editor's Note* at the foot of an article headed “Seeming Discrepancies.” Then, turning to the review of “The Perfect Way” in the same number, he quotes at length from “an authoritative teaching of the later period,” as he adds rather sarcastically. Then, again, a long paragraph from *Isis*. The three quotations and the remarks of our friend run thus:

“There never was, nor can there be, any radical discrepancy between the teachings in ‘Isis’ (*'Isis Unveiled'*) and those of this later period, as both proceed from one and the same source—the ADEPT BROTHERS.” (*Editor's Note* in “Seeming Discrepancies.”)

Having drawn the attention of his readers to the above assertion C.C.M. proceeds to show—as he thinks—its fallacy:

“To begin with, re-Inarnation—if other worlds besides this are taken into account—is the regular routine of nature. But re-Inarnation in the next higher objective world is one thing; re-Inarnation on this earth is another. *Even that takes place over and over again till the highest condition of humanity, as known on this earth, is attained*, but not afterwards, and here is the clue to the mystery. . . . But once let a man be as far perfected by successive re-incarnations as the present race will permit, and then his next re-incarnation will be among the early growths of the next higher world, where the earliest growths are far higher than the highest here. *The ghastly mistake that the modern re-Inarnationists make is in supposing that there can be a return on this earth to lower bodily forms*;—not, therefore, that man is re-incarnated as man again and again upon this earth, for that is laid down as truth in the above cited passages in the most positive and explicit form.” (*Review of T.P.W.* in the *Theosophist*.)

And now for “Isis”:

“We will now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of re-Inarnation—as distinct from metempsychosis—which we have from an authority. Re-Inarnation, i.e., the

appearance of the same individual—or rather, of his astral monad—twice on the same planet is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad, which has been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy, nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. Therefore, while the gross matter of each of these several entities is suffered to disperse itself at death through the vast realm of being, the immortal Spirit and astral monad of the individual—the latter having been set apart to animate a frame, and the former to shed its divine light on the corporeal organization—must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence. *If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no re-incarnation on this earth*, for the three parts of the triune man have been united together and he is capable of running the race. But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly planet, as it was frustrated in its first attempt. . . . Further, the same occult doctrine recognizes another possibility, albeit so rare and so vague that it is really useless to mention it. Even the modern Occidental Occultists deny it, though it is universally accepted in Eastern countries." . . .

This is the occasional return of the terribly depraved human Spirits which have fallen to the eighth sphere—it is unnecessary to quote the passage at length. Exclusive of that rare and doubtful possibility, then "Isis"—I have quoted from volume I, pp. 351-2—allows only three cases—abortion, very early death, and idiocy—in which re-Incarnation on this earth occurs.

I am a long-suffering student of the mysteries, more apt to accuse my own stupidity than to make "seeming discrepancies" an occasion for scoffing. But after all, two and three will not make just four; black is not white, nor, in reference to plain and definite statements, is "Yes" equivalent to "No." If there is one thing which I ardently desire to be taught, it is the truth about this same question of re-Incarnation. I hope I am not, as a dutiful Theosophist, expected to reconcile the statement of "Isis" with that of this authoritative Reviewer. But there is one consolation. The accomplished authoress of "Isis" cannot have totally forgotten the teaching on this subject therein contained. She, therefore, certainly did not dictate the statements of the Reviewer. If I may conjecture that Koot

Hoomi stands close behind the latter, then assuredly Koot Hoomi is not, as has been maliciously suggested, an alias for Madame Blavatsky.

“C.C.M.”

We hope not—for Koot Hoomi’s sake. Mme. B. would become too vain and too proud, could she but dream of such an honour. But how true the remark of the French classic: *La critique est aisée, mais l’art est difficile*—though we feel more inclined to hang our diminished head in sincere sorrow and exclaim: *Et tu Brute!*—than to quote old truisms. Only, where that (even) “seeming discrepancy” is to be found between the two passages—except by those who are entirely ignorant of the occult doctrine—will be certainly a mystery to every Eastern Occultist who reads the above and who studies at the same school as the reviewer of “The Perfect Way.” Nevertheless the latter is chosen as the weapon to break our head with. It is sufficient to read No. I of the *Fragments of Occult Truth*, and ponder over the septenary constitution of man into which the triple human entity is divided by the occultists, to perceive that the “astral” *monad* is not the “Spiritual” *monad* and vice versa. That there is no discrepancy whatsoever between the two statements, may be easily shown, and we hope will be shown, by our friend the “reviewer.” The most that can be said of the passage quoted from *Isis* is, that it is incomplete, chaotic, vague, perhaps—clumsy, as many more passages in that work, the first literary production of a foreigner, who even now can hardly boast of her knowledge of the English language. Therefore, in the face of the statement from the very correct and excellent review of “The Perfect Way”—we say again that “Reincarnation, i.e., the appearance of the same individual—or rather, of his *astral monad* (or the *personality* as claimed by the modern Reincarnationists)—twice on the same planet is not a rule in nature “and that it is an exception.” Let us try once more to explain our meaning. The reviewer speaks of the “Spiritual Individuality” or the *Immortal Monad* as it is called, i.e. the 7th and 6th Principles in the *Fragments*. In *Isis* we refer to the *personality* or the *Finite astral monad*, a compound of imponderable elements composed of the 5th and 4th principles. The former as an emanation of the ONE absolute is indestructible; the latter as an elementary compound is finite and doomed sooner or later to destruction with the exception of the more spiritualized portions of the 5th principle (the *Manas* or mind) which are assimilated by the 6th

principle when it follows the 7th to its "gestation state" to be reborn or not reborn, as the case may be, in the *Arupa Loka* (the Formless World). The seven principles, forming, so to say, a triad and a Quaternary, or, as some have it a "Compound Trinity" subdivided into a triad and two duads may be better understood in the following groups of Principles:—

GROUP I

- 7. *Atma*—"Pure Spirit."
- 6. *Buddhi*—"Spiritual Soul or Intelligence."

SPIRIT

Spiritual Monad or "Individuality"—and its vehicle. Eternal and indestructible.

GROUP II

- 5. *Manas*—"Mind or Animal Soul."
- 4. *Kama-rupa*—"Desire" or "Passion" Form.

SOUL

Astral Monad—or the personal *Ego* and its vehicle. Survives Group III and is destroyed after a time, unless,—reincarnated as said under exceptional circumstances.

GROUP III

- 3. *Linga-sarira*—"Astral or Vital Body."
- 2. *Jiva*—"Life Principle."
- 1. *Stool-sarira*—"Body."

BODY

Compound Physical, or the "Earthly Ego." The three die together invariably.

And now we ask,—where is the "discrepancy" or contradiction? Whether man was good, bad, or indifferent, Group II has to become either a "shell," or to be once or several times more reincarnated under "exceptional circumstances." There is a mighty difference in our Occult doctrine between an *impersonal Individuality*, and an individual *Personality*. C.C.M. will not be reincarnated; nor will he be in his next re-birth C.C.M., but quite a new being, born of the thoughts and deeds of C.C.M.: his own creation, the child and fruit of his present life, the effect of the causes he is now producing. Shall we say then with the Spiritualists that C.C.M., the man, we know, will be re-born again? No; but that his divine Monad will be clothed thousands of times yet before the end of the Grand Cycle, in various human forms, every one of them a new personality. Like a mighty tree that clothes itself every spring with a new foliage, to see it wither and die

towards autumn, so the eternal Monad prevails through the series of smaller cycles, ever the same, yet ever changing and putting on, at each birth, a new garment. The bud, that failed to open one year, will re-appear in the next; the leaf that reached its maturity and died a natural death—can never be re-born on the same tree again. While writing *Isis*, we were not permitted to enter into details; hence—the vague generalities. We are told to do so now—and we do as we are commanded.

And thus, it seems, after all, that “two and three” will “make just four,” if the “three” was only *mistaken* for that number. And, we have heard of cases when that, which was universally regarded and denounced as something *very* “black”—shockingly so—suddenly re-became “white,” as soon as an additional light was permitted to shine upon it. Well, the day may yet come when even the much misunderstood occultists will appear in such a light. *Vaut mieux tard que jamais!*

Meanwhile we will wait and see whether C.C.M. will quote again from our present answer—in *Light*.

“IT’S THE CAT!”

(*Dedicated to those Members of the T. S. whom the cap may fit.*)

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
Let modest matrons at thy mention start;
And blushing virgins when they read our annals
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend.
And blots the noble work . . .

—SHAKESPEARE

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie;
for an excuse is a lie guarded.

—POPE

THE woman gave me of the tree, and I did eat,” said the first man, the first sneak and coward, thus throwing his own share of the blame upon his helpless mate. This may have been “worse than a lie” according to Pope, yet, in truth—it was not one. LIE was not born with the first man or woman either. The Lie is the product of later civilization, the legitimate child of SELFISHNESS—ready to sacrifice to itself the whole of mankind—and of HYPOCRISY, often born of fear. The original sin for which, agreeably to the orthodox Sunday School teaching, the whole world was cursed, drowned, and went unforgiven till the year 1 A.D.—is not the greatest sin. The descendants of Adam improving upon their grandsire’s transgression, invented lie and added to it excuse and prevarication. “It’s the cat” is a saying that may have originated with the antediluvians, whenever an *actual sin* had been committed and a scapegoat was needed. But it required the post-diluvians to father on the “cat” even that which had never been committed at all; that which was an invention of the fertile brain of the slanderers, who never hesitate to lie most outrageously whenever they feel inclined to ventilate a grudge against a brother or neighbour. Fruits of atonement, Children of redemption, we lie and sin the more readily for that. No “shame on us,” but:

*Hail to the policy that first began
To temper with the heart to hide its thoughts,*

is the world's motto. Is not the World one gigantic lie? Is there anything under the sun that offers such rich variety and almost countless degrees and shades as lying does? Lying is the policy of our century, from society lying, as a necessity imposed upon us by culture and good breeding, up to individual lying, *i.e.*, uttering a good, square unmitigated lie, in the shape of false witness, or as the Russian proverb has it:—"shifting off a sin from a diseased on to a healthy head." Oh *lie*—legion is thy name! Fibs and lies are now the cryptogamic excrescences on the soil of our moral and daily lives as toadstools are those of forest swamps, and their respective orders are as large. Both are fungi; plants which delight in shadowy nooks, and form mildew, mold and smut on both the soil of moral life and that of physical nature. Oh, for that righteous tongue:

That will not sell its honesty, or tell a lie!

As said, there are fibs and fibs, conscious and unconscious, hoaxes and impostures, deceptions and calumnies—the latter often followed by moral and physical ruin—mild perversions of truth or evasion, and deliberate duplicity. But there are also catch-penny lies, in the shape of newspaper chaff, and innocent misrepresentations, due simply to ignorance. To the latter order belong most of the newspaper statements regarding the Theosophical Society, and its official *scape-goat*—H. P. Blavatsky.

It has become a matter of frequent occurrence of late, to find in serious articles upon scientific subjects the name of "Esoteric Buddhism" mentioned, and oftener still that of "Mme. Blavatsky" taken in vain. The latter circumstance is really very, *very* considerate, and—in one sense at any rate—*overwhelmingly* flattering!

To find one's humble name collated with those of Sir Monier Monier-Williams K.C.I.E. and Professor Bastian is an honour, indeed. When, for instance, the *great* Oxford lecturer chooses to make a few big and bold slashes into fact and truth—no doubt to please his pious audience—and says that Buddhism has never had any occult or esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld

from the multitudes,—what happens? Forthwith, “Esoteric Buddhism” receives, metaphorically speaking, a black eye; the Theosophical Society, a kick or two; and finally, the gates of the journalistic poultry-yard being flung wide open, a vehement *soutien* against “Blavatsky” & Co. is effected by a flock of irritated geese sallying therefrom to hiss and peck at the theosophical heels. “Our Ancestors, have saved Rome!” they cackle, “let us save the British Empire from these *pretenders* to Buddhist knowledge!” Again: a lucky “correspondent” gets admittance into the sanctum of Professor Bastian. The German ethnologist, “dressed like an alchemist of the middle ages” and smiling at “questions concerning the *trances* of famous Fakirs,” proceeds to inform the interviewer that such trances never last more than “from five to six hours.” This—the alchemist-like dress, we suppose, helping to bring about a happy association of ideas—leads *presto*, in the American “Sabbath-breaking paper,” to a stern rebuke to our address. We read on the following day:

The famous Fakirs . . . however they may have imposed on other travellers, certainly did not do so on this quiet little German philosopher, Madame Blavatsky to the contrary notwithstanding.

Very well. And yet Professor Bastian, all the “correspondents” to the contrary notwithstanding, lays himself widely open to a most damaging criticism from the standpoint of *fact* and *truth*. Furthermore, we doubt whether Professor Bastian, a learned ethnologist, would ever refer to Hindu Yogis as *Fakirs*—the latter appellation being strictly limited and belonging only to *Mussulman* devotees. We doubt, still more, whether Professor Bastian, an accurate German, would deny the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon that Yogis and these same “Fakirs,” remain in deep, death-like trance for days, and sometimes for weeks; or even that the former have been occasionally buried for forty consecutive days, and recalled to life again at the end of that period, as witnessed by Sir Claude Wade and others.

But all this is too ancient and too well authenticated history, to need substantiation. When “correspondents” will have learned the meaning, as well as the spelling of the term *dhyana*—which the said “correspondent” writes *diana*—we may talk with them of Yogis and Fakirs, pointing out to them the great difference between the two. Meanwhile, we may kindly leave them to their own hazy ideas: they are the “Innocents Abroad” in the realm of

the far Orient, the blind led by the blind, and theosophical charity extends even to critics and hereditary foes.

But there are certain other things which we cannot leave uncontradicted. While week after week, and day after day, the "Innocents" lost in the theosophical labyrinths, publish their own harmless fibs—"slight expansions of truth" somebody called them—they also often supplement them by the wicked and malicious falsehoods of casual correspondents—ex-members of the T.S. and their friends generally. These falsehoods generated in, and evolved from the depths of the inner consciousness of our relentless enemies, cannot be so easily disregarded. Although, since they hang like Mahammed's coffin in the emptiness of rootless space, and so are a *denial* in themselves, yet they are so maliciously interspersed with hideous lies built on *popular* and already strongly-rooted prejudices that, if left uncontradicted, they would work the most terrible mischief. Lies are ever more readily accepted than truth, and are given up with more difficulty. They darken the horizons of theosophical centres, and prevent unprejudiced people from learning the exact truth about theosophy and its herald, the Theosophical Society. How terribly malicious and revengeful some of these enemies are, is evidenced by the fact that certain of them do not hesitate to perform a moral *hari-kari* upon themselves; to slay their own reputations for truthfulness for the pleasure of hitting hard—or *trying*, at all events, to hit—those whom they hate. Why this hatred? Simply because a calumny, a wicked, groundless slander is often forgiven, and even forgotten; a *truth* told—never! Prevented from disproving that truth, for good reasons, their hatred is kindled—for we hate only what we *fear*. Thus they will *invent a lie*, cunningly grafting it on some utterly false, but nevertheless popular accusation, and raise anew the cry, "It's the cat, the ca-a-t, the ca-a-t!"

...

Success in such a policy depends, you see, on temperament and—*impudence*. We have a friend, who will never go to the trouble of persuading anyone to believe him on his "aye" or his "nay." But, whenever he remarks that his words are doubted, he will say, in the quietest and most innocent way possible, "You know well *I am too impudent to lie!*" There is a great psycholog-

ical truth hidden under this seeming paradox. Impudence often originates from two entirely opposite feelings: fearlessness and cowardice. A brave man will never lie; a coward lies to cover the fact of his being one, and a liar into the bargain. Such a character will never confess himself at fault no more than a vain man will; hence, whatever mischance happens to either, they will always try to lay it at the door of somebody else. It requires a great nobility of character, or a firm sense of one's duty, to confess one's mistakes and faults. Therefore, a scapegoat is generally chosen, upon whose head the sins of the guilty are placed by the transgressors. This scapegoat becomes gradually "the cat."

Now the Theosophical Society has its own special, so to speak, its "family cat," on which are heaped all the past, present and future iniquities of its Fellows. Whether an F.T.S. quarrels with his mother-in-law, lets his hair grow, forgets to pay his debts, or falls off from grace and theosophical association, owing to personal or family reasons, wounded vanity, or what not: *presto* comes the cry—whether in Europe, Asia, America or elsewhere —*It's the cat!* Look at this F.T.S.; he is writhing in the pangs of balked ambition. His desire to reign supreme over his fellow members is frustrated; and finding himself disappointed—it is on the "cat" that he is now venting his wrath. "The grapes are sour," he declares, because "the cat" would not cut them for him, nor would she mew in tune to his fiddle. Hence, the Vine has "worn itself *too thin*." Behold that other "star" of Theosophy, smarting under another kind of grievance—unnamed, because unnamable. Hatred—"till one be lost for ever"—rages in this *brotherly* heart. Pouncing like a bird of prey upon its chosen victim—which it would carry far, far up into the clouds to kill it with the more certainty when it lets it drop—the would-be avenger of his own imaginary wrongs remains utterly blind to the fact, that by raising his chosen victim so high he only elevates it the more above all men. You cannot kill that which you hate, O blind hater, whatever the height you dash it down from; the "cat" has nine lives, good friend, and will ever fall on to its feet.

There are a few articles of belief among the best theosophists, the bare mention of which produces upon certain persons and classes of society the effect of a red rag on an infuriated bull. One of these is our belief—very harmless and innocent *per se*—in the existence of very wise and holy personages, whom some call

their MASTERS, while others refer to them as "Mahatmas."

Now, these may or may not actually exist—(we say they do); they may or may not be as wise, or possess altogether the wonderful powers ascribed to, and claimed for them. All this is a question of *personal knowledge*—or, in some cases, faith. Yet, there are the 350,000,000 of India alone who believe since time immemorial in their great Yogis and Mahatmas, and who feel as certain of their existence in every age, from countless centuries back down to the present day, as they feel sure of their own lives. Are they to be treated for this as superstitious, self-deceived fools? Are they more entitled to this epithet than the Christians of every church who believe respectively in past and present Apostles, in Saints, Sages, Patriarchs and Prophets?

Let that be as it will; the reader must realize that the present writer entertains no desire to force such a belief on any one unwilling to accept it, let him be a layman or a theosophist. The attempt was foolishly made a few years back in all truth and sincerity, and—it has failed. More than this, the revered names were, from the first, so desecrated by friend and foe, that the once almost irresistible desire to bring the actual truth home to some who needed *living ideals* the most, has gradually weakened since then. It is now replaced by a passionate regret for having ever exhumed them from the twilight of legendary lore, into that of broad daylight.

The wise warning :

Give not that which is holy to the dogs,
Neither cast ye your pearls before swine—

is now impressed in letters of fire on the heart of those guilty of having made of the "Masters" public property. Thus the wisdom of the Hindo-Buddhist allegorical teaching which says, "There can be no Mahatmas, no Arhats, during the *Kali yuga*," is vindicated. That *which is not believed in, does not exist*. Arhats and Mahatmas having been declared by the majority of Western people as non-existent, as a *fabrication*—do not exist for the unbelievers.

"The Great Pan is dead!" wailed the mysterious voice over the Ionian Sea, and forthwith plunged Tiberius and the pagan world into despair. The nascent Nazarenes rejoiced and attributed that death to the new "God." Fools, both, who little suspected that

Pan—the “All Nature”—could not die. That that which *had* died was only their fiction, the horned monster with the legs of a goat, the “god” of shepherds and of priests who lived upon the popular superstition, and made profit of the *PAN* of *their own making*. TRUTH can never die.

We greatly rejoice in thinking that the “Mahatmas” of those who sought to build their own ephemeral reputation upon them and tried to stick them as a peacock’s feather in their hats—are also dead. The “adepts” of wild hallucinations, and too wide-awake, ambitious purposes; the Hindu sages 1,000 years old; the “mysterious strangers,” and the *tutti quanti* transformed into convenient pegs whereon to hang—one, “orders” inspired by his own nauseous vices; another, his own selfish purposes; a third, a mocking image from the astral light—are now as dead as the “god Pan,” or the proverbial door-nail. They have vanished into thin air as all unclean “hoaxes” must. Those who invented the “Mahatmas” 1,000 years old, seeing the *hoax* will not pay, may well say they “have recovered from the fascination and taken their proper stand.” And these are *welcome* and *sure* “to come out and turn upon all *their dupes* the vials of *their sarcasm*,” though *it will never be the last act of their “life’s drama.”* For the *true*, the *genuine* “Masters,” whose real names have, fortunately, never been given out, cannot be created and killed at the beck and call of the sweet will of any “opportunist,” whether inside or outside of the T.S. It is only the *Pans* of the modern nymphs and the *Luperci*, the greedy priests of the Arcadian god, who are, let us hope—dead and buried.

This cry, “it is the cat!” will end by making the Theosophical Society’s “scape-goat” quite proud. It has already ceased to worry the victim, and now it is even becoming welcome and is certainly a very hopeful sign for the cause. Censure is hard when deserved; whenever unmerited it only shows that there is in the persecuted party something more than in the persecutors. It is the number of enemies and the degree of their fierceness, that generally decide on the merits and value of those they would brush off the face of the earth if they could. And, therefore, we close with this quotation from old Addison:

Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defense against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

Dear, kind enemies of the "Tartarian termagant" how hard you do work to add to her eminence and greatness, to be sure !

THE YEAR IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE YEAR!

DECEMBER, 1888, AND JANUARY, 1889

LUCIFER sends the best compliments of the season to his friends and subscribers, and wishes them a happy New Year and many returns of the same. In the January issue of 1888, LUCIFER said: "Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now, will have added strength to fulfill them consistently." He now repeats what was said and adds: Let no one mistake the importance and potency of numbers—*as symbols*. Everything in the Universe was framed according to the eternal proportions and combinations of numbers. "God geometrizes," and numbers and numerals are the fundamental basis of all systems of mysticism, philosophy, and religion. The respective festivals of the year and their dates were all fixed according to the Sun—the "father of all calendars" and of the Zodiac, or the Sun-god and the twelve great, but still minor gods; and they became subsequently sacred in the cycle of national and tribal religions.

A year ago, it was stated by the editors that 1888 was a dark combination of numbers: it has proved so since. Earthquakes and terrible volcanic eruptions, tidal waves and landslips, cyclones and fires, railway and maritime disasters followed each other in quick succession. Even in point of weather the whole of the past year was an insane year, an unhealthy and uncanny year, which shifted its seasons, played ducks and drakes with the calendar and laughed at the wiseacres who preside over the meteorological stations of the globe. Almost every nation was visited by some dire calamity. Prominent among other countries was Germany. It was in 1888 that the Empire reached, virtually, the 18th year of its unification. It was during the fatal combination of the four numbers 8 that it lost two of its Emperors, and planted the seeds of many dire Karmic results.

What has the year 1889 in store for nations, men and theosophy, and what for LUCIFER? But it may be wiser to forbear looking into Futurity; still better to pray to the now ruling Hosts of *Numbers* on high, asking them to be lenient to us, poor terrene ciphers. Which shall we choose? With the Jews and the Christian Kabalists, the number of their deity—the God of Abraham and Jacob—is 10, the number of perfection, the ONE in space, or the Sun, astronomically, and the ten Sephiroth, Kabalistically. But the Gods are many; and every December, according to the Japanese, is the month of the *arrival*, or *descent of the Gods*; therefore there must be a considerable number of deities lurking around us mortals in astral space. The 3rd of January, a day which was, before the time of Clovis, consecrated to the worship of *Isis*—the goddess-patroness of Paris who has now changed her name and become *St. Geneviève*, “she who generates life”—was also set apart as the day on which the deities of Olympus visited their worshippers. The third day of every month was sacred to *Pallas Athene*, the goddess of Wisdom; and January the 4th is the day of Mercury (*Hermes*, *Budha*), who is credited with adding brains to the heads of those who are civil to him. December and January are the two-months most connected with gods and numbers. Which shall we choose?—we ask again. “This is the question.”

We are in the Winter Solstice, the period at which the Sun entering the sign of Capricornus has already, since December 21st, ceased to advance in the Southern Hemisphere, and, cancer or crab-like, begins to move back. It is at this particular time that, every year, he is born, and December 25th was the *day of the birth of the Sun* for those who inhabited the Northern Hemisphere. It is also on December the 25th, Christmas, the day with the Christians on which the “Saviour of the World” was born, that were born, ages before him, the Persian Mithra, the Egyptian Osiris, the Greek Bacchus, the Phœnician Adonis, the Phrygian Athis. And, while at Memphis the people were shown the image of the god *Day*, taken out of his cradle, the Romans marked December 25th in their calendar as the day *natalis solis invicti*.

Sad derision of human destiny. So many Saviours of the world born unto it, so much and so often propitiated, and yet the world is as miserable—nay, far more wretched now than ever before—as though none of these had ever been born!

January—the *Januarius* dedicated to Janus the God of Time,

the ever revolving cycle, the double-faced God—has one face turned to the East, the other to the West; the *Past* and the *Future!* Shall we propitiate and pray to him? Why not? His statue had 12 altars at its feet, symbolizing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve great gods, the twelve months of the solar year and—the twelve Apostles of the Sun-Christ. *Dominus* was the title given to the Sun by the ancients; whence *dies domini*, *dies solis*, the “Sun-days.” *Puer nobis nascitur dominus dominorum*, sing the Roman Catholics on Christmas day. The statue of Janus-January carried engraved on his right hand the number 300, and on his left, 65, the number of the days in the Solar year; in one hand a sceptre, in the other a key, whence his name *Janitor*, the door-keeper of the Heavens, who opened the gates of the year at its beginning. Old Roman coins represent Janus *bifrons* on one side, and a *ship* on the other.

Have we not the right to see in him the prototype of Peter, the fisherman of the celestial ship, the Janitor of Paradise, to the gates of which he alone holds the keys? Janus presided over the four seasons. Peter presides over the four Evangelists. In Occultism the potency and significance of Numbers and Numerals lie in their right application and permutation. If we have to propitiate any mysterious number at all, we have most decidedly to address Janus-Peter, in his relation to the ONE—the Sun. Now what would be the best thing for LUCIFER and his staff to ask from the latter for 1889? Our joint wishes are many, for our course as that of true love, does not run altogether smooth.

Thus addressing the bright luminary in perpetual *abscondito* beyond the eternal fogs of the great city, we might ask him for a little more light and warmth in the coming year than he gave us in the year 1888. We might entreat him at the same time to pour a little light into the no less befogged heads of those who insist on boycotting LUCIFER under the extraordinary notion that he and Satan are one. Shine more on us, O, Helios Son of Hyperion! Those on whom thou beamest thy greatest radiance must be, as in the legend of Apollo, good and kind men. Alas, for us. The British isle will never be transformed, in this our cycle, into the isle of Æa, the habitat of Helios, as of the children of that god and the Oceanide Perseis. Is this the occult reason why our hearts become, with every year, colder and more indifferent to the woes of mankind, and that the very souls of the multitudes

seem turning into icicles? We ask thee to shed thy radiance on these poor shivering souls.

Such is LUCIFER's, our Light-bearer's fervently expressed desire. What may be that of the Theosophical Society in general, and its working members in particular? We would suggest a supplication. Let us ask, Brethren, the Lord on High, the *One* and the *SOLE* (or *Sol*), that he should save us from the impudent distortion of our theosophical teachings. That he should deliver us in 1889 from his pretended priests, the "Solar Adepts" as they dub themselves, and their sun-struck followers, as he delivered us once before; for verily "man is born unto trouble," and our patience is well-nigh exhausted!

But, "wrath killeth the foolish man"; and as we know that "envy slayeth the silly one," for years no attention was paid to our ever increasing parodists. They plagiarized from our books, set up sham schools of magic, waylaid seekers after truth by deceiving them with holy names, misused and desecrated the sacred science by using it to get money by various means, such as selling as "magic mirrors" for £ 15, articles made by common cabinet makers for £ 1 at most. With them, as with all charlatans, fortune-tellers, and *self-styled* "Adepts," the sacred science of *Theosophia* had become when kabalistically read—Dollar-Sophia. To crown all, they ended by offering, in a most generous manner, to furnish all those "awakened" who were "disappointed in Theosophical Mahatmas," with the *genuine* article in the matter of adeptship. Unfortunately the said article was traced in its turn to a poor, irresponsible medium, and something worse; and so that branch of the brood finally disappeared. It vanished one fine morning into thin air leaving its disconsolate disciples thoroughly "awakened" this time, and fully alive to the sad fact, that if they had acquired less than no occult wisdom, their pockets, on the other hand, had been considerably relieved of their weight in pounds and shillings. After their Exodus came a short lull. But now the same is repeated elsewhere.

The long metaphysical articles borrowed from "Isis Unveiled," and the *Theosophist* ceased suddenly to appear in certain Scotch papers. But if they disappeared from Europe, they reappeared in America. In August 1887 the New York PATH laid its hand heavily on "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold" printed in Boston, and proceeded to speedily squelch it, as "stolen goods." As

that Journal expresses itself about this pretentious volume, *copied* not written by its authors—"whatever in it is new is not true, and whatever true, is not new; scattered through its 600 pages, are wholesale thefts from 'Paracelsus,' 'Isis Unveiled,' the *Path* etc. etc." This unceremonious appropriation of long paragraphs and entire pages "either verbatim or with unimportant changes," —from various, mostly theosophical authors—a list of which is given in the PATH (*Vide August 1887, p. 159-160*), might be left to its fate, but for the usual trick of our wretched imitators. In the words of the same editor, of the PATH: "the claim is made that it (the book) is inspired by great adepts both living and dead, who have condescended to relent and give out these 600 pages, with certain restrictions which prevent their going into any detail or explanation beyond those given by the unfortunate or unprogressed (theosophical) authors from whose writings they (the adepts) have either allowed or directed their humble disciple . . . to steal."

Before the appearance of modern Theosophical literature it was "Spirits" and "Controls" that were ever in the mouths of these folk; now the living "adepts" are served up with every sauce. It is ever and always Adepts here, Hierophants there. And this only since the revival of Theosophy and its spread in America in 1884, note well; after the great soap-bubble conspiracy between Madras and Cambridge against the Theosophical Society, had given a new impetus to the movement. Up to that year, Spiritualists, and professional mediums especially, with their "controls" and "guides," could hardly find words of vituperation strong enough to brand the "adepts" and deride their "supposed powers." But since the Herodic "slaughter of the Innocents," when the S.P.R. turned from the Theosophical to the Spiritualistic phenomena, most of the "dear departed" ones took to their heels. The angels from the "Summer Land" are going out of fashion just now, for Spiritualists begin to know better and to discriminate. But because the "adept" idea, or rather their philosophy, begins to gain ground, this is no reason why pretenders of every description should travesty in their ungrammatical productions the teachings, phraseology, and Sanskrit terms out of theosophical books; or why, again, they should turn round and make people believe that these were given them by other "Hierophants," in their opinion, far higher, nobler and grander than our teachers.

The great evil of the whole thing is, not that the truths of Theosophy are adopted by these blind teachers, for we should gladly welcome any spread, by whatever means, of ideals so powerful to wean the world from its dire materialism—but that they are so interwoven with mis-statements and absurdities that the wheat cannot be winnowed from the chaff, and ridicule, if not worse, is brought to bear upon a movement which is beginning to exercise an influence, incalculable in its promise of good, upon the tendency of modern thought. How shall men discern good from evil, when they find it in its close embrace? The very words, "Arhat," "Karma," "Maya," "Nirvana," must turn enquirers from our threshold when they have been taught to associate them with such a teeming mass of ignorance and presumption. But a few years ago, all these Sanskrit terms were unknown to them, and even now they repeat them phonetically, parrot-like, and without any understanding. And yet they will cram them into their silly books and pamphlets, and fill these with denunciations against great men, the soles of whose feet they are unworthy to gaze upon!

Though false coin is the best proof of the existence of genuine gold, yet, the false deceives the unwary. Were the "pretensions" of the T.S. in this direction founded on mere hypothesis and sentimental gush, like the identification of many a materialized spirit, the theosophical "Mahatmas" and their society would have dissolved long ago like smoke in space under the desperate attacks of the holy alliance of Missionaries and *pseudo*-Scientists, helped by the half-hearted and misinformed public. That the Society has not only survived but become thrice stronger in numbers and power, is a good proof again of its own intrinsic merit. Moreover, it has gained also in wisdom; that practical, matter-of-fact wisdom which teaches, through the mouth of the great Christian "Mahatma," not to scatter pearls before swine, nor to attempt to put new wine into old bottles.

Therefore, let us, in our turn, recite a heartfelt conjuration (the ancient name for prayer), and invoke the help of the powers that be, to deliver us from the painful necessity of exposing these sorry "make-believes" in LUCIFER once again. Let us ring the theosophical *Angelus* thrice for the convocation of our theosophical friends and readers. If we would draw on us the attention of Sol on High, we must repeat that which the ancients did and which was the

origin of the R. C. *Angelus*. The first stroke of the bell announced the *coming of Day*; the appearance of *Gabriel*, the morning messenger with the early Christians, of *Lucifer*, the morning star, with their predecessors. The second bell, at noon, saluted the glory and exalted position of the *Sun*, King of Heavens; and the third bell announced the approach of *Night*, the Mother of Day the Virgin, Isis-Mary, or the Moon. Having accomplished the prescribed duty, we pour our complaint and say:

Turn thy flaming eye, O SOL, thou, golden-haired God, on certain trans-atlantic mediums, who play at being thine Hierophants! Behold, they whose brain is not fit to drink of the cup of wisdom, but who, mounting the quack's platform, and offering for sale bottled-up wisdom, and the *homunculi* of Paracelsus, assure those of the gaping mouths that it is the true Elixir of *Amrita*, the water of immortal life! Oh, bright Lord, is not thine eye upon those barefaced robbers and iconoclasts of the systems of the land whence thou risest? Hear their proud boasting: "We teach men the science to *make man*"(!). The lucrative trade of vendors of Japanese amulets and *Taro* cards, with indecent double bottoms, having been cut off in its full blossom in Europe, the Eastern Wisdom of the Ages is now abandoned. According to their declarations, China, Japan, old India and even the Swedenborgian "land of the Lost Word" have suddenly become barren; they yield no more their crop of true adepts; it is America, they say, the land of the Almighty Dollar, which has suddenly opened her bowels and given birth to full-blown Hierophants, who now beckon to the "Awakened." *Mirabile dictu!* But if so, why should thy self-styled priests, O great SUN, still offer as a bait a mysterious *Dwija*, a "twice born," who can only be the product of the land of Manu? And why should those pretended and bumptious servants of thine, oh Surya-Vikarohana, whose rich crop of national adepts, if "home-made," must rejoice as a natural rule in purely Anglo-Saxon and Celto-German names, still change their Irish patronymics for those of a country which, they say, is effete and sterile, and whose nations are "dying out"? Has another Hindu name and names been discovered in the Great Hub, as a peg and pegs whereon to hang the modest pretensions of the Solar Magi? Yea, they belie truth, O Lord, and they bend their tongues like quill pens for lies. But—"the false prophets shall become wind for the word is not in them."

TO DARE, TO WILL, TO ACHIEVE AND KEEP SILENT is the motto of the true Occultist, from the first adept of our fifth Race down to the last Rosecroix. True Occultism, *i.e.*, genuine *Raj-Yoga* powers, are not pompously boasted of, and advertised in "Dailies" and monthlies, like Beecham's pills or Pears' soap. "Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes; for the wise man feareth and keeps silent, but the fool layeth open his folly."

Let us close by expressing a hope that our Theosophist brothers and sisters in America will pause and think before they risk going into a "Solar" fire. Above all, let them bear in mind that true occult knowledge can never be bought. He who has anything to teach, unless like Peter to Simon he says to him who offers him money for his knowledge—"Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of (*our inner*) God may be purchased with money"—is either a black magician or an IMPOSTOR. Such is the first lesson taught by LUCIFER to his readers in 1889.

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